

# FORD TIMES

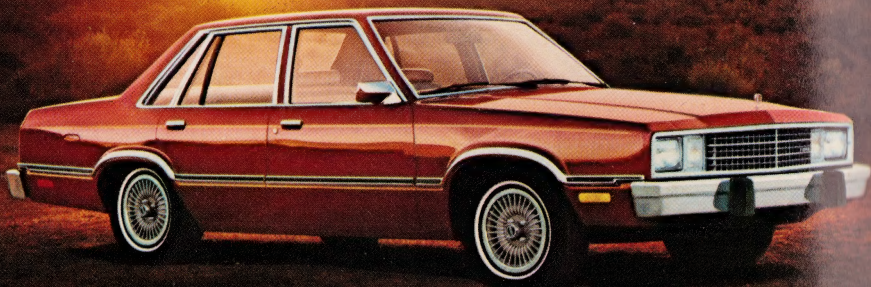
DECEMBER 1977





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**The Ford  
in your future.**



**Fairmont 4-Door Sedan**

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**90% of the head,  
leg and shoulder  
room of most  
large cars.**

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as shown)

**\$3,663** (4-Door  
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a better idea,  
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**\*More About Mileage:** EPA estimates shown are with 2.3 litre engine and 4-speed manual transmission (33/22 with automatic). Of course your actual mileage may vary according to how and where you drive, car's condition and optional equipment (Calif. ratings are lower).



# FORD TIMES

Brought to you through the courtesy  
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The Ford Owner's Magazine

December 1977, Vol. 70, No. 12

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**Cover:** A Christmas reminiscent of 1903, the year Ford Motor Company was incorporated and sold its first production automobile. The company will observe its 75th anniversary on June 16, 1978. Painting by Marcus Hamilton.

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# Life and Love

## on a

# Flower Truck

by William G. Kelley  
paintings by Randall McKissick

IN TIMES of economic nadir, man will do almost anything to survive. Fight lions in the street. Walk a tightrope 1,000 feet up. Swallow fire. Drive a flower truck. I chose the last because it was safer.

Driving a flower truck means you get to know every funeral home, every hospital and every church in a 100-mile radius. Now this kind of knowledge has distinct advantages. When you die, you know the classiest funeral parlor for your last hurrah. When you get sick, you know the best hospital to take care of whatever ails you. And when you need help, you know where God is most likely to be.

What does it take to be a good flower truck driver? I mean besides a pretty good disposition and a nose that never grows jaded. Well, the one thing that I found to be

most useful in the making of a flower truck driver is a map. Not just any map, but a map that details every nook and corner of the driver's delivery province. He is lost without this kind of knowledge.

I also found that to be a good flower truck driver one must be able to handle the full body width of a panel truck. The curves have to be taken more conservatively. And acceleration and speed must be tempered. In short, the flower truck driver is more on a mission of patience than pleasure.

I was able to adjust. Maybe because my rent was due. And maybe because I was darn tired of eating hot dogs smothered in sauerkraut. Anyway, driving a flower truck was one of my more memorable experiences in the roller-coaster ride through this particular







cosmos.

Take one Christmas Eve recently. It seemed as if I was delivering flowers to everybody in the world. Poinsettias and cut flower arrangements gathered in "standing room only" in the back of my Ford panel. At every door I visited was a face that lit up like a Christmas tree.

I had accumulated approximately seven dollars in tips this Christmas Eve, mostly in quarters. The Christmas season holds the ineffable power to be remembered, to be wanted. The faces at the doors did absolutely nothing to discourage that feeling.

I will never forget one face. It appeared on a cobblestone street that bent precipitously downhill on my approach. It was about 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon and I was really bushed from having to get in and out of my truck all day. This stop obviated any self-pity.

The address was 3618 Eveline Street. A six-dollar poinsettia was the fare. I jumped out of the truck, opened up the doors, grabbed the plant that held a Christmas card marked 3618 Eveline Street and the name of Mrs. Ethel Donohue. I marched up to the door and pushed the doorbell.

Mrs. Donohue opened the door. She was a comely 66-year-old lady with gray hair, a prune of a face, and a shillelagh, which she used as a cane, in her hand. Her voice was rusty, low with depression. The

minute I said, "Flowers, ma'am," she beamed like a lighthouse in the dark of the ocean deep. "Who from?" she asked. "I don't know ma'am, but there is a card inside the envelope on the package," I replied.

Mrs. Donohue took the flowers from my clutches and asked me to come inside as she placed the poinsettia on a coffee table in her living room. She opened the envelope and read the card. Immediately she burst into tears, tears of happiness I might say. In no time she flung her arms around me.

"It's from my son in California," she repeated over and over as she hugged me. "I haven't heard from him in eight years. Bless you, bless you."

She handed me a five-dollar bill. I handed it back and asked her to use it for a phone call to California.

### **A frustrating situation**

One of the problems a flower truck driver encounters is finding no one at home. It is utterly frustrating. Why? Because flowers are perishable. To leave them inside a doorway in the sting of winter or the suffocation of summer will kill them. The good book of instructions advocates leaving them next door with a neighbor . . . or two doors away . . . or three doors away . . . well, you get the idea: Leave them with somebody, anybody who will complete the delivery once the rightful owner returns. The hope

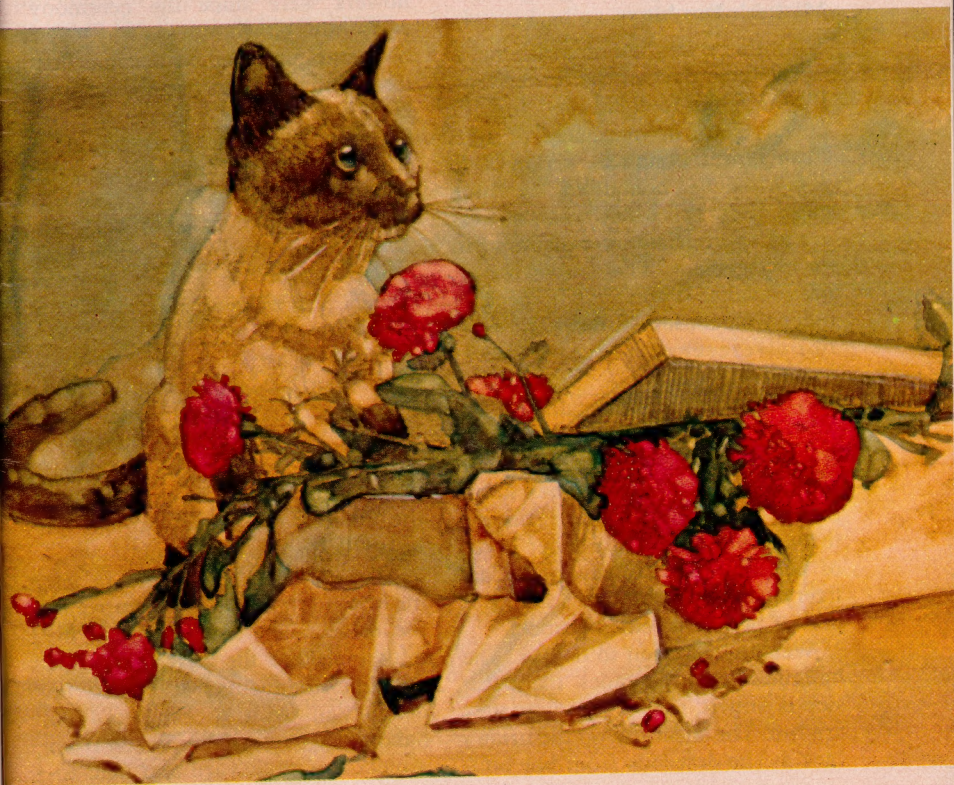


is that the friendly neighbor will turn a good deed. In most cases it prevails.

Not this time though. Late October. I found no one at home at 3055 North 35th Street. I went next door. No answer. I went two doors away. Same. I went three doors away. Ditto. I looked across the street and saw a kindly old lady sweeping her sidewalk. Aha, a

neighbor at home. I walked across the street and asked her if she knew the Klines. Yes, she said, and she would take the package in for them. Success found, I went on my way.

When I arrived back at the flower shop the boss was livid. Mr. Kline had called and had poured his anger over the phone. Why? The flowers were in the safe hands





of a neighbor. They weren't left on the porch to freeze. It took a while for the answer to come because the boss was walking around the shop in a volcanic state.

Finally I was told that the kindly old lady with whom I had left Mr. Kline's flowers, which were for his wife, had put them on her coffee table, where her cat promptly tore off the wrapping paper and chewed the flowers to floral rags.

### **Mother's Day busy**

Mother's Day is one of the heaviest volume days of the flower year. It's an eight-to-eight day for the flower truck driver. Most of it is fresh flower bouquets, arranged in papier-mâché containers or milk glass vases. It is a day when flowers are as appropriate as a diamond to an engagement. The simple law of life prevails: Women, and especially older women, love flowers. Its symbolic reference—love—is what touches the heart.

There is no specific tale about a Mother's Day delivery in my flower truck. All mothers deserve the same sentiments. Just because they know more, feel more and have suffered through more than any other breed of people. Suffice to say, every delivery I made on Mother's Day was one of deserved remembrance.

Weddings are fun to deliver. The happiness that pervades the occasion is honest, real. That's why they are fun. The sheer joy on the bride's face as she descends from her bou-

doir and looks over the wedding flowers should be recorded on film for posterity.

Once in a while, though, a bride has reason not to smile the morning of her wedding day. In fact, there's more consternation than joy. I know. I saw one of those harrowing mornings first hand.

It happened on a beautiful spring-time Saturday. The boss got a call from a bride inquiring where her flowers were since the ceremony was only 40 minutes away. The boss stammered, then became flustered and finally turned sheet white. He had simply forgotten her flowers. He told her they would be there shortly, to just be a little patient.

In one mad rush around the flower shop, the whole contingent of help, including myself, put together the wedding flowers in a half hour.

When I arrived at the church with them, no one was outside. I hopped out and turned the ignition key off at the same time, threw open the doors of the truck, pulled out a long box containing the flowers and sailed through the heavy doors of the church.

The organist began, the people in the church stood, ready to watch the bride take her steps down the middle aisle to the altar. The bride and her attendants were lined up neatly, all with weeds in their hands, ragged flowers plucked from somebody's back yard and held to-



gether by string.

Before they plunged down the aisle, I yelled meekly, "Flowers."

"You're too late," the bride's aunt said.

And off they went down the aisle.

On Saturdays, the flower truck driver can expect to travel all over the city and suburbs. From one end to the other. From Italian neighborhoods to Irish neighborhoods to Polish ones. From middle class dwellings to upper class ones. Saturday in the flower industry knows no bias.

It is easy to recall memorable



Saturdays in my flower truck driver career. But one emerges more graphic than all the rest. It was in the middle of summer, and I was preparing to travel to destinations in a newly built area of the city with which I was completely unfamiliar. My map was not showing this particular section of the city. I had been to this neighborhood

only one other time and then just along the main drag. This day the street names looked like hieroglyphics.

The owner of the flower shop didn't know the area either, and suggested that I stop at the first gas station and ask for directions. Fine. Off I went, two planters and two bouquets safely tucked away in the back of the truck. And me tucked away in the insecurity of my trip.

Rolling right along, on the main highway leading to this new development, I spied a girl walking along the street whom I knew from school some years back. I had taken her out to the movies once, but nothing had materialized. I stopped, hoping she might be able to help me locate the addresses that were part and parcel of my reason for being in this area.

### **She knew the neighborhood**

She lived in the neighborhood and knew exactly where they were. I asked her if she would like to ride along and personally direct me. She said okay. My motives were not wholly practical. She had grown into a dark-haired beauty.

In no time I was finished with my deliveries, thanks to my companion. I decided to cheat on the boss's time a little and take my helper to lunch to show my appreciation. That Saturday turned out to be the most significant day of my young life. That girl is now my wife. □





*Editor's note: Leading up to the observance of Ford Motor Company's 75th anniversary in June 1978, FORD TIMES is reprinting each month a story chosen from a past issue. The story about the barnyard goose, published originally under the title, "The Bird of Many Talents," is the seventh in our series. It appeared in the issue of December 1964.*



## A Smart and Delicious Bird

Here are some things you probably didn't know  
about the creature that often graces  
the Christmas table

by Robert M. Hodesh

Riddle: What has two legs, likes to play sheepdog, eats grass, wears feathers, imitates burglar alarms, and tastes good?  
Answer: the barnyard goose.

There are two strongly contradictory opinions about the barnyard goose. People who raise cotton, mint, strawberries, or



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sheep—or who have something valuable to guard—want it alive. People who consider themselves gourmets want it dead. The latter have the edge because, of course, the goose plays its best-known role upside down on the Christmas platter, but it is equally true that of all the edible birds, it is the one with brains enough to be spared the tumbrel in the holiday season.

For a long time geese have been held in high regard by the hungry, and for just as long they have had careers as field hand, night watchman, and substitute sheep dog—all honorable professions to which they are well suited and for which they are willing to be paid in minimum wages of grass and water and a place to sleep.

There was a story out of the British Isles not long ago about a distiller hiring a gaggle of geese to stand night guard over 30 million gallons of Scotch. When a stranger went near the barrels, the geese would raise a fearful ruckus. This gave the distiller much peace of mind, and in addition he would collect the eggs and sell them, which is the sort of thing that makes a Scotsman happy.

Thumb back through history and you will find that geese have been good guards for centuries. They are credited with having saved Rome from the Gauls in 390 B.C. The marauding Gauls committed the mistake of underestimating the sacred geese living in the Temple of Juno. Made extremely nervous and noisy by the strangers, they set up a great clamor that woke the Roman army, which promptly defeated the enemy.

The usefulness of geese as field hands stems from the fact that they are grazers. Farmers keep them in the cotton fields of the South, the mint fields of the Pacific Northwest, and in strawberry patches everywhere to keep weeds down. They dine on errant grasses and are not interested in cotton, mint, or strawberries. What the farmers do is bait one end of the field with a little grain and the other end with water, and the geese just waddle along between the two, gleaning as they go, gabbling happily, and living the life of Riley. They don't honk about an eight-hour day, either. They can often be seen cropping grass in the moonlight.

As for the goose in its role as a feathered shepherd:



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There is a farm near Fort Worth with a goose that manages a flock of nearly 20 sheep. It honks them along, nips their tails when they get too slow, and tweaks them lightly on the ear if they stray off.

When we talk about the barnyard goose—the big fellow with the underslung chassis and the imperious walk—we usually mean the Toulouse or the Emden. There are half a dozen other varieties in the yard, but these are the most common. The Toulouse, named for the French city from which it originated, is a gray goose. The Emden, a German goose, is white. Mature males of both breeds average around 26 pounds.

All farm geese have a number of characteristics in common. One is that they are intelligent—considered, in fact, the most intelligent of domesticated birds. As an example, when a flock is feeding, one or two geese will always be in heads-up position, alert for trouble.

They have noble emotional characteristics by human standards. Ganders usually mate for life, and help their mates in rearing the young, serving as fine deputies for Mother Goose. They need no advice from Ann Landers. Sometimes when a farmer gives a goose away to a neighbor, it waddles right back home, at which time it is greeted with flaps, gabbles and joy by the other geese. Besides falling in love with one another, geese frequently fall in love with people.

Geese are easy to raise. Grass and water in summer, grain and water in winter. No need for fancy formulas, unless the geese are laying eggs. They start laying in February or March and continue until June. Usually they get their laying over with in the morning, leaving the afternoon free for less strenuous activities. Any old packing box will do for a laying nest. Otherwise they don't need shelter except in severe cold or deep snow.

In the United States geese are fattened for three to five weeks before they are marketed. This is done by giving them grain and mash and letting them go at it. In France, though, where sentiment is not allowed to interfere with cuisine, geese are force-fed before being killed. They are kept in small cages so they can't walk around and food is literally rammed down their throats.



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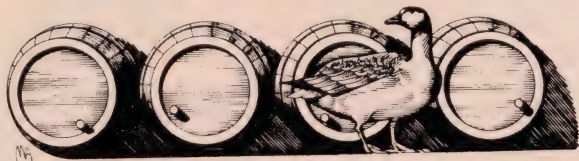
Toward the end they are also given brandy or gin. Don't try it in this country, however, unless you are prepared to have the S.P.C.A. slap a summons on you.

Perhaps this Gallic treatment of geese is a form of retribution for what the geese did to the Gauls at Rome, but regardless, the net result is the tastiest goose in the world. It also results in a huge liver—weighing as much as two pounds. From this the French make *pâté de foie gras*, which ranks with champagne and caviar as one of the great joys to cultivated palates.

There is a side benefit to be considered: feathers. There is nothing so luxurious as a goose-down quilt. Goose feathers were once used for quill pens, like the kind that signed the Declaration of Independence, but no more.

Now we come to the heart of the matter: the goose on the Christmas platter. It is prized by gourmets. Look in a French cookbook and you'll find two dozen ways to cook your goose. For instance, there is something called *galantine d'oie*. It's wonderful, a culinary home run.

A well-prepared goose on the table is likely to stifle all laments about its talents, and this, for those of us who don't raise mint, cotton, strawberries, or sheep, is the real point. □



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by Mary Fitzpatrick Parker  
paintings by Miles Batt

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A FEW YEARS ago I found myself facing a lonely Christmas. The tree was up, my shopping finished, but a quiet house greeted me each night after work. Spending Christmas alone was a depressing idea.

Scrubbing the kitchen floor one Saturday, I remembered an article in *The Milwaukee Journal* about a church downtown.

"Wonder if I've still got that paper," I said to the cat. She only blinked. So I got off my knees and searched through newspapers ready to be taken to the garage. Soon I was reading about the good folks at St. Benedict the Moor. Six nights a week, the paper said, people from all over the Milwaukee area gathered there with food and concern for the hungry, lonely and frightened.

I returned to my floor, and as I scrubbed, I remembered hearing about that church. Long ago, a relative in Indiana had telephoned the church's school to request a special prayer for a daughter facing serious surgery. On certain days, children from the church's school came to the church at the beginning of each hour, to pray for people who needed help. The surgeon later told my aunt, "God guided my hands."

An expressway displaced the

school, but the paper showed the church was still doing its job. Well, fine, I thought as I wrung out the scrub cloth, that ought to help fill the day. I called the rectory and a deep voice answered.

"What do you need for Christmas?" I asked briskly.

"We need you," was the prompt answer.

And I need people, I thought, but I said, "I mean what kind of food?"

"Well," said the voice "we can always use more ham and maybe some sweet potatoes." He gave me the church's address and I hung up smiling.

I went to the store and bought a ham and some sweet potatoes, and as I eagerly waited for The Day, I found I could answer with a real smile when people at work wished me—"Merry Christmas."

On Christmas morning, rain dripped from a flat gray sky. As I sipped my coffee, I looked out the kitchen window and smiled in anticipation. By noon the whole house smelled hammy and sweet and good. The telephone rang, and love came along the line from a married daughter and her family in Illinois.

By midafternoon, everything was ready. I donned coat and rain-cap, then carried the large ham and three pans of sweet potatoes out to my little blue car. I took the expressway, left it at Wells Street and soon realized I was lost.

Traffic was light: The windshield



# THE CHRISTMAS GIFT



wipers sounded sad as I wound about the byways of a brewery. I found I was going the wrong way on a one-way street. Exasperated, I backed out of a factory driveway, parked the car and locked it, and started walking.

The rain stung my face. At 9th and State I saw a long line of people huddled, heads down. I thought of prints of Dickens' time in old and dusty books.

A wizened little chimney sweep of a man was in the line. He cocked his head, hesitated, then sidled over to me.

"You wanna eat good tonight, lady?" he asked. Under a thin brown sweater his shoulders moved in happy expectation. His smile showed shrunken gums.

"Am I close to St. Benedict's?" I asked. "I've got food in the car."

"Sure are. I'd take ya, but don't want to lose me place. It's just up half a block." He pointed and hurried back to the food line.

I went back to the car, found the hall and parked. A slender man with a beard walked toward me with a smile. He pushed aside the pot holders and carried the pan of ham into the hall. Like a fire brigade, hands passed the food along. I followed them into a large room.

A big burly man in brown cassock and sandals came toward me.

"Hi, there, gonna help us?" he asked in a friendly manner.

"You bet," I said as I shrugged out of my coat.

Another man took my coat and purse away to be locked up. Next, a tall man wrapped a big apron around me and led me to the side of the hall. "C'mon. You can do eggs," he said.

There was a shelf holding two huge kettles of peeled hard-boiled eggs and a stack of metal trays.

"Now all you gotta do is cut them the long way, put each half



on a tray and sprinkle some paprika on 'em. Got it?"

"Got it," I nodded.

He called a young Cub Scout over. The two of us filled the trays until the big man in the cassock motioned us to stop and bow our heads for a prayer. When it was over he stationed the boy at a tub of apples, then led me to a tray of sliced ham.

"Now you can serve the ham.



Give each person one or two slices, no more. They can have seconds after everyone is served. Sing out when you're running low." He hurried off.

For over an hour I looked into hundreds of faces. A tall man on crutches said ever so softly, "Thank you, and a Merry Christmas to you." Never had I heard those words said more sincerely.

A Mexican woman directed two bright-eyed little girls through the line. An elderly couple came toward me. He carried a white cane; she was his tender shepherd.

The big man, a genial general, sang out, "Coming through." He was carrying still another steaming kettle of fluffy mashed potatoes. Three tiny women approached in thin damp coats. They reminded me of sparrows hunched against the cold. Their eyes glittered as they waited for their meal.

Suddenly, there was no more ham. While more was being put on serving plates I had time to look out over the crowd. I saw the three tiny women each take an extra dinner roll. For a moment I was puzzled when they each carefully put one roll in their sweater pockets. Then I understood. That would be for tomorrow.

A hand came down firmly on my shoulder and I was told to fill a tray and have my dinner. I did so and carried it to the side of the hall where a man with shining silver hair was pouring coffee. I

added cream and sugar and looked about for a seat.

"Right over here, sister," sang out a man in an old baseball cap. He and a young blond man with tattooed arms pushed their chairs farther apart. Someone else brought a folding chair. I thanked them and was soon enjoying some good cook's food. I'll come here again, I thought.

While waiting for my coat and purse, I found myself looking into the tiny dishwashing room. Two men stood in the steam, doing the dishes by hand. A man brought my things. On impulse I took a bill out of my purse and walked over to the big priest.

"Maybe you can use this."

He gave me a warm smile. "I have everything I need, my dear, but this will help somewhere. Thank you."

Someone brought my clean pans to me and I drove home humming.

What a beautiful Christmas, I thought. I'd seen countless acts of kindness and love: Three young girls doing a charming, impromptu dance as a middle-aged black man played a harmonica; an older woman walking on painfully swollen feet, carrying apple cider to a young guitar player who'd been singing and playing for the crowd. And best of all the lovely young mother, nodding and placing her sleeping infant in the eager arms of the little old lady in the light blue sweater. □



*Fiesta three-door, four-passenger hatchback*

## **MEET FORD'S ECONOMY FLEET**

**Fiesta Pinto Mustang II Fairmont**

by Cara L. Kazanowski

*Mustang II 2 + 2 with Appearance Decor Group*







*Pinto three-door Runabout with Accent Tape Stripe*

“FORD long has been known as ‘small-car headquarters,’ but never before have we had such a wide range of products in this end of the market—Fairmont, Mustang II, Fiesta and Pinto, which now comes with more standard equipment than ever before,” said Wil-

liam P. Benton, vice president, Ford Motor Company, and general manager—Ford Division.

“Fairmont’s right on target to meet today’s—and tomorrow’s—changing environment and automotive requirements,” Mr. Benton said. “One word sums up the

*Fairmont four-door wagon with Exterior Decor Group*





*Mustang II King Cobra with optional T-roof convertible*

philosophy behind the car—  
'efficiency.' "

Fairmont's all-new unitized body has new front and rear suspension, trimmer door construction, use of aluminum and other lightweight materials and an aerodynamically efficient design.

The exterior silhouette of two- and four-door sedans and four-door station wagon is enhanced by expansive window areas, thin pillars, dual headlamps and simple but bold grille design.

For all the compactness of the 105.5-inch wheelbase, the interior is roomy enough for five adults. Based on the 1977 EPA interior volume formula, the Fairmont interior has almost 90 per cent of the room of cars like the 1977 Chevrolet Impala.

Cargo capacity is an excellent 16.8 cubic feet of usable luggage space per sedan trunk and 79.5 cubic feet in station wagons with

the rear seat down, nearly as much as in some full-sized wagons.

The interior's efficient design continues with a high-performance standard ram air ventilation system and easy-to-read, easy-to-reach instrument controls, highlighted by column-mounted wiper/washer, dimmer and horn switches.

The 2.3-litre, four-cylinder engine, standard on sedans, coupled with a new, low-ratio axle, performs with excellent fuel economy. In Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) tests, Fairmont sedans equipped with the 2.3-litre engine and four-speed manual transmission received 49-state estimates of 33 mpg on the highway portion and 23 mpg on the city cycle. California ratings were 30 mpg highway and 20 mpg city.\*

The new, unique coil-strut front suspension and four-bar link-coil rear suspension combined with rack-and-pinion steering (power-



assisted at your option) help provide precise, responsive control. The new suspension, together with the unitized body and 33-point sound insulation package virtually surrounding passengers, makes for low wind noise and vibration.

Although the basic two- and four-door sedans and wagon come well-equipped, there's a whole host of options and packages.

The Interior Accent Group and the Exterior Accent Group are great low-cost ways to dress up the Fairmont. Providing even more luxury are the Interior Decor Group, Exterior Decor Group and ES option. The Squire option adds flair to the station wagon.

#### **Pinto—more standard equipment**

Pinto buyers now are getting more car for their money. Beginning with October 3 production, several former options have been made standard on the 1978 Pinto at a lower suggested retail price than for comparably equipped 1977 Pintos.

The added plusses for Pinto—standard on all models except Pony—are AM radio, electric rear window defroster, wheel covers, tinted glass, power front disc brakes, vinyl insert bodyside moldings, and bright window moldings. Pinto Pony, also with a lower suggested retail price than last year, has standard wheel covers and bright drip and backlite moldings.

Besides this added value, 1978 Pinto buyers may order new white-

painted forged aluminum wheels, Accent Tape Stripe and AM digital clock radio. Pinto still offers options such as flip-up open-air roof, four-way manual bucket seat for drivers and several audio systems, including AM/FM stereo.

Standard rack-and-pinion steering, fully-synchronized four-speed manual transmission, and independent front-coil spring and rear-leaf spring suspension systems give Pinto its responsive handling.

Pinto is powered with a choice of either four- or six-cylinder engines. With the standard 2.3-litre engine and four-speed manual transmission, Pinto received 49-state EPA fuel-economy estimates of 35 mpg highway and 25 mpg city and California ratings of 34 mpg highway and 25 mpg city.\*

All Pintos have room for four adults while the three-door Runabout offers almost 30 cubic feet of cargo space with the rear seat folded down. The Pinto station wagon, Squire and Cruising Wagon options provide nearly 60 cubic feet of cargo space with the rear seat folded down.

#### **Fiesta—new import**

"Ever since its European introduction just over a year ago, Fiesta has been dazzling the Europeans—who have been driving small cars since Year One," Mr. Benton said. "Its agile handling, excellent fuel efficiency and roomy interior helped make it the most successful new car



*Fairmont with Interior Decor Group*

ever introduced in Europe (based on first six-months sales)."

Built to exacting standards by Ford of Germany, the front-wheel-drive Fiesta is powered by a 1.6-litre Kent overhead-valve engine and a fully-synchronized, four-speed manual transaxle. This combination contributes to its smooth ride, quick acceleration and fast response in crowded city conditions.

This three-door hatchback's drivability is further enhanced by rack-and-pinion steering, Michelin steel-belted radial tires, standard front disc brakes and MacPherson-strut suspension.

These engineering features, plus Fiesta's small size—147.1 inches overall length, 90-inch wheelbase and 1,761-pound curb weight—helped it achieve outstanding fuel economy. Fiesta received EPA 49-state estimates of 46 mpg highway and 34 mpg city and California

estimates of 43 mpg highway and 30 mpg city.\*

Thanks to its transverse-mounted engine and front-wheel drive that minimizes the transmission hump and driveshaft tunnel, Fiesta has more back-seat leg room than any other imported or domestic car of its size. With the rear seat down, there's 29 cubic feet of cargo space.

Fiesta comes with standard high-back front bucket seats, carpeting, instrument panel covered with brushed aluminum appliqué, fold-down rear seat and rear-roof spoiler.

Three optional trim levels are offered: Decor, Sport and Ghia. Other options available on Fiesta include power front disc brakes, rear window wiper/washer, air conditioning and tinted glass.

### **Mustang II—super coupe**

Two exciting new option packages—the King Cobra and Fashion Accessory Package—round out the Mustang II family which includes the stylish hardtop, elegant Ghia and sporty 2 + 2 and Mach 1.

The King Cobra is hard-to-miss because of its exotic snake design on the hood, plus extensive pin-striping, front air dam, hood scoop, decklid spoiler and extensive black-work on grille, greenhouse and other exterior areas. There's more than decoration to this machine, however, as evidenced by the 5.0-litre (302 CID) 2V V-8 engine, power front disc brakes, radial tires with raised-white letters and power



rack-and-pinion steering, all standard.

The Fashion Accessory Package has features designed with women in mind. Hardtops with this package are distinguished by striped Fresno cloth inserts, driver-side illuminated visor vanity mirror, door convenience pockets and Illuminated Entry System.

A wide selection of exterior paints—from a spicy Tangerine to a sophisticated Midnite Blue—as well as varied upholstery and vinyl roof colors update Mustang II for 1978. White-painted forged aluminum wheels and AM/FM stereo radio/cassette tape have been added to the already impressive list of optional choices.

All Mustang IIs have rack-and-pinion steering, computerized suspension, front disc brakes and sporty instrument panel that includes a tachometer, ammeter, and fuel and temperature gauges.

The fuel-thrifty 2.3-litre overhead cam engine powers all but Mach 1, which comes with the 2.8-litre 2V V-6. Mustang II with the 2.3-litre engine and four-speed manual transmission received EPA fuel-economy estimates of 33 mpg in highway driving and 23 mpg in city traffic for the 49 states and 30 mpg highway and 20 mpg city for California.\*

Models pictured on these pages feature one or more of the following options: Fairmont — Exterior Ac-

Pinto—Interior Decor Group, Deluxe Bumper Group, Accent Tape Stripe, styled steel wheels, Exterior Decor Group, flip-up open-air roof, dual sport mirrors; Fiesta—AM radio; Mustang II — Appearance Decor Group, T-roof convertible, King Cobra option. □

*\*Your actual mileage will vary, depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and optional equipment.*

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Ford Division reserves the right to discontinue or change specifications or designs at any time without notice or obligation. Some features shown or described are optional equipment items that are available at extra charge. Some options are required in combination with other options. Always consult your Ford dealer for the latest, most complete information on models, features, prices and availability.

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*Pinto flip-up open-air roof*







1. Lady Hamilton's Fruit Cake, Chocolate and Hazelnut Butter Cookies, and Chocolate-dipped Marzipan Fruit
2. Harrod's Spiced Beef
3. Elegant Buffet
4. Chef, Yvonne Gill Davis
5. Shrimp Escabèche
6. Raspberry Mousse and . Gâteau Mont-Blanc
7. English Beefsteak and Mushroom Pie
8. Wild Roast Duckling, Lemon Com-pote and Spiced Cherries



a meringue circle 9 inches in diameter with a raised ring around the outside. Bake shell in 225° oven about hour until crisp. Turn off heat. Keep in oven another 30 minutes. Cool on rack.

**Chestnut Filling:** Simmer 2 pounds roasted and skinned chestnuts in light syrup until tender; strain and rub through a sieve. Make a syrup of 4 tablespoons of sugar and ½ cup of water; beat into chestnut puree. Flavor with rum. Cool, fill meringue, mounding puree in the center. Cover top with 2 cups of sweetened whipped cream, forming to a peak in the center. Garnish with chopped crystalized chestnuts.

\* \* \*

### Informal Drop-In Buffet

Chicken Liver Pâté  
Basket of Homemade Breads  
Gherkins      Olives      Cumberland Sauce  
Sweet Butter  
Cheeses  
St. Andre      Goat Cheese      White Cheddar  
Mussels Marinière      Harrod's Spiced Beef  
(served hot from stove)  
Pickles      Horseradish Cream  
Branded Apricots  
Lady Hamilton's Fruit Cake  
Chocolate Butter Cookies  
Hazelnut Butter Cookies  
Bowls of Nuts      Dried and Crystalized Fruits  
Dry White Wine

\* \* \*

### Lady Hamilton's Fruit Cake

10 ounces butter  
5 ounces superfine sugar  
4 cups all-purpose flour  
½ teaspoon baking soda  
1 teaspoon cream of tartar  
Pinch of salt  
½ teaspoon grated nutmeg  
1 ounce finely chopped blanched almonds  
8 ounces currants, finely chopped  
8 ounces golden raisins, finely chopped  
8 ounces fresh purple plums, in large dice  
6 eggs  
½ cup brandy

Cream butter and sugar well. Sift together all dry ingredients and fold well into butter and sugar. Mix in prepared fruits and nuts. Beat eggs well; then combine with brandy and pour into batter. Oil and line with wax paper an 8 x 8 x 3-inch cake pan. Pour batter into pan and bake for an hour in preheated 350° oven; lower heat slightly to 325° and bake for another 1½-2 hours or until skewer inserted in cake comes out dry. If top becomes too dark, lightly tent with foil. When cool, remove from pan and let stand on cake rack until cold. Then store in an airtight tin for 2-3 weeks in a brandy-soaked cheesecloth to age.

### Chocolate Butter Cookies

2 cups all-purpose flour  
3 tablespoons superfine sugar  
5 ounces sweet butter  
1 egg yolk  
4 ounces finely grated semi-sweet chocolate  
Egg wash (1 egg yolk combined with  
2 teaspoons water)  
Split almond halves for garnish

Combine flour and sugar on pastry board and cut in the butter. Break egg yolk into a well formed in the center of the dough and cover with grated chocolate. Combine ingredients together quickly with a palette knife and knead with your hands. Chill for 30 minutes. Roll chilled dough out between pieces of wax paper until ½-inch thick. Cut with 2-inch cookie cutter and place in greased cookie tin. Brush with egg wash and decorate with split almond halves. Bake at 350° for 10-12 minutes until just firm. Makes 30-40 small cookies. □

*Editor's note: We didn't have space to print all of Mrs. Davis's buffet recipes. If you would like additional recipes, send \$1 (check or money order) to RECIPES, L-M Building, Room 300, 3000 Schaefer Road, Dearborn, Michigan 48121.*





# How to Enjoy a WISCONSIN WINTER

by Elizabeth Wolfarth Krovisky    paintings by Bruce Bond

“WISCONSIN winters are long if you don’t get out and play in them.”

These words had been offered as friendly advice; instead they nudged

a seething resentment. We had been banished to Wisconsin by my husband’s company, exiled from the Southwest to a climate and location completely alien to our warm-



blooded natures.

Every morning, defiantly expressing my bitterness over this transfer, I watched the temperatures for warm regions on the TV screen. We had originally been set for southern California and I had envisioned sandy beaches and sandpipers. Instead we had snow geese and snowmobiles. Nothing seemed familiar anymore.

Admittedly, I was desolate before I ever saw Wisconsin. Still I insisted on going through my show of doomed good sportsmanship. Nothing, however, would relieve

the searing, pervading pain of a butterfly lost in the Arctic, and I knew it. The months were weighed down by grim despair. Our camper, faithful servant that it had been for 25,000 miles, was frozen in the driveway. We were suffering from too much TV and bored, whining children.

Wisconsin was not only the wrong place at the wrong time; the nation was in the throes of a severe energy crisis. Hope for springtime and summer escapes, free of icy bonds, receded with the oil flow.

Skiing. Of course, everyone skis



in Wisconsin.

One clear, crisp afternoon we started out for the nearest slopes just to look. The sky was steel-gray and the wind seared as the chill factor plunged to  $-18^{\circ}$ . The steep inclines gleamed slick with ice and frozen ruts. Just looking was more than we could bear. The thought of rushing down those slopes, trying to relearn the delicate art of balance, falling and sliding tangled in skis, was unimaginable. We hurried home cloaked in deeper despair.

Every day we looked at our camper in the driveway. A reminder of the golden days past, it was draped in snow and looking as forlorn as we were. Wistfully we imagined what the impossible news of returning to those lazy, Southwestern days would do to "The Odyssey's" dormant state. It would roll on its own just to be an integral part of the family again.

I'd tenderly pat it and gaze in the rear window: open refrigerator, empty cabinets, a vacuum of golden memories. Sometimes it seemed more than I could take. I needed to feel the wind at my back. Instead it was icing my nose, tearing my eyes and breaking my heart.

From somewhere in the back of my mind quietly issued this idea: Why not park the camper somewhere else for the winter and use it on weekends? No, we thought, why go somewhere else to freeze? Besides, there are definite problems

inherent in winter camping. Still, the thought persisted.

"Have you tried Christmas Mountain in Wisconsin Dells for skiing?" asked some new acquaintances at a neighborhood party.

"Is it steep, wind-ripped and icy?" I asked, certain of the reply. "No?" They had even seen a few campers on their last ski trip. Yet our initiative stubbornly remained formless. It wouldn't work for us. Why get all excited?

### **Campgrounds abandoned**

When we finally made the 55-mile trip from Madison, we rode around gazing at the snowbound campgrounds, their "Open" signs foolishly poking out of drifts. All were abandoned, and the winterized campers parked there were devoid of life.

Just as we thought; it was the same old story. But while we were here, we might as well take a look at Christmas Mountain. There, to our disbelieving eyes, sheltered in the basin of seven slopes, was an enchanting community on a ten-inch base of snow. Laughter and good times called out to our loneliness.

"Let's try a weekend here," we said simultaneously.

But it wasn't going to be that easy. We didn't have any ski equipment, and combined with the cost of a local inn and meals, a weekend for the four of us would cost about \$200. How many of these



could we afford?

Yet just maybe, a single February weekend would go a long way in helping us make it through the rest of our first winter. Wisconsin demanded to be dealt with. Six months of winter, a shortage of fuel and a creeping recession were all reality.

We rode through the abandoned Dells weighing our options. The little town, a hibernating summer playground, was lifeless. No sign of any of its 2,400 people stirred.

"Let's stop at Bonanza Heights Campgrounds and see what they have to offer," I suggested for no known reason, except that it was coming up on our route home.

"We haven't seen a camper since September," the manager told us, brightening. "Sure would like to see some folks camping up here during the winter."

He thoughtfully listened to all our plans. He'd plow out a slot

with a wooded, sunny exposure as soon as we let him know our decision. The cost for a full hook-up would be \$30 a month.

Two days later, we called. Now Friday couldn't come soon enough. As we planned and restocked "The Odyssey," we imagined its heart-beat growing stronger as the heady knowledge of a trip offered a new lease on life.

We knew aligning the back end of the truck with the tongue of the camper would be tricky. The driveway was solid ice; there was little traction on the 30-degree slope and we were without snow tires. Warily we squeezed extra bags of camper supplies into kitchen cupboards amid tears and curses. It appeared that we were frozen in until spring and that we would never get our camper out.

The next morning we had wild, positive thoughts of heavy salting, egged on by forecasts of above-freezing temperatures. The gods were smiling on our project. The salting began and the sun shone. That Sunday, a staccato beat accompanied the church bells as the blocks chipped loose, the wedges flew and the ice trap receded from the tires. "The Odyssey" would roll now if we could hook it up and if the tires held.

Several attempts to back up the driveway failed. The back end of the truck spun out every time. Finally, a gutsy, on-target plunge, a half-inch roll forward, and "The



Odyssey," with a heavy sigh, rolled out in exalted triumph. The weekend was gone but that didn't matter anymore. We piled into the truck and pulled the camper up the highway to the Dells, passing people who pointed to us as though we had the Abominable Snowman in tow.

Parked and blocked, the solitary camper settled down in the only open space. It was made for this primitive setting and wouldn't be lonely despite only a few mobile homes for company.

### Were we out of our minds?

At last, another Friday afternoon arrived. We wondered, plagued by second thoughts, if we'd manage all right. The boys had been sick. Were we out of our minds? We had to find out. We arrived in time for dinner at twilight. It was 28° outside and 36° inside but the camper's heater started eagerly. Soon it was toasty and welcoming.

The next morning, the fragrance of eggs, bacon and coffee permeated the cozy camper. The boys were laughing and wrestling in anticipation of a day on the slopes. The world outside was golden. The thaw, which had begun when the gods first smiled on our frozen driveway, stepped up with temperatures rising into the 50s. Still there was sufficient base for skiing.

The snow turned to slush, but the four of us soared down the slopes—triumphant skiing attempts after years of mild climates. A

picnic lunch was the perfect touch to this glorious day of fresh air and sunshine. As evening fell, a snowman looked on while our dinner barbecued over hot coals and the last rays of day played between the pine needles.

The Wisconsin winters are long if you don't get out and play in them. Now that another winter is here, we wonder what became of last year's heartache, the year we faced the most agonizing overhaul of our lives. As unbelievable as it sounds, last winter was the beginning of a love affair with Wisconsin. Winter camping far from the maddening crowd now seems preferable. Over the past year, at fabulous summer sales, we collected our ski equipment and are now heavily into "thinking snow." One tiny step forward led to another; hesitantly we rejoined the human race. We're not even cold anymore, and here in this winter wonderland it's Christmas all winter long. □



# BRONCO

— It's

by Will M. Duffy

THE TOTALLY redesigned 1978 Ford Bronco isn't faster than a speeding bullet, nor can it leap buildings in a single bound, but it's a super vehicle nonetheless. And that makes it just right for the four-wheel-drive market, which has tripled in the last five years.

Consider the Bronco's versatility. With the front differential disengaged, the standard 5.8-litre (351 CID) V-8 engine and four-speed manual transmission contribute to its fine ride on streets and highways.

But when you decide to turn off the pavement, you'll find it easy to convert this mild-mannered tourer into a 4 x 4 that conquers the toughest terrain and takes you places you only dreamed of reaching before: secluded lakes and campsites, out-of-the-way fishing and hunting spots, mountain and nature trails. Bronco will take you there.

All you have to do to get four-wheel power on the standard Bronco is flick the two free-running manual-locking front hubs. Then you're ready to roll over, around, across or through almost any substance or obstacle any vehicle

*Bronco Custom with Tu-Tone option*





**Waiting to Take You There**



can handle. If you choose the optional Cruise-O-Matic automatic transmission, introduced this year, you also may elect to enjoy full-time four-wheel drive with fixed front wheel hubs. All Broncos have a two-speed transfer case.

The Bronco can take tortuous off-road pounding because its rugged truck chassis features the world-renowned Ford-tough body-on-frame construction. But in designing for toughness, Ford engineers didn't neglect passenger comfort. Front seat occupants will find the standard side-support bucket seats "cradle" them against side sway.

### **Front bench is new**

Front and rear bench-seat options—the front bench is new in 1978—let you add from one to four more adult passengers to the standard two-passenger Bronco. And those back bench passengers will appreciate the footwell that gives them more legroom and lets them sit in a natural upright position.

The Bronco's six-passenger capacity is a result of a new-in-1978 design that added 12 inches to the wheelbase of the Bronco's 11-year-old predecessor and over 10 inches to the width; tread width is seven inches greater than last year. When the rear bench is folded down, the Bronco provides 81 cubic feet of cargo space. Removing the rear bench (an easy operation) adds 16 cubic feet to the cargo area, which

is a foot longer in the new model.

Sheltering the cargo area is a removable fiberglass roof and a power tailgate window. Fixed Privacy Glass or sliding tinted glass are options for rear side windows.

Speaking of options, 40 new ones have been added to the previous Bronco list, enabling owners to "design" a 4 x 4 for their personal needs and tastes. A noteworthy new option is in the suspension: quad-front shock absorbers—two on each wheel. They are stagger-mounted on both sides of the axle for axle control under extremely challenging off-road use. An optional handling package includes heavy-duty quad-front and heavy-duty rear shocks and a rear stabilizer bar. The bar also is available separately.

Other new options provide further evidence of what James A. Capolongo, Ford Motor Company vice president and general manager of Truck and Recreation Products Operations, has called the "engineering excitement" embodied in Ford's 1978 truck design.

The 6.6-litre (400 CID) 2V eight-cylinder engine, the maintenance-free battery that never needs water in normal use, air conditioning, ComfortVent heater / ventilation system, maximum capacity (32 gallons) fuel tank with skid plate (seven extra gallons) and two trailer-towing packages (light and heavy)—these are just a few of the options that have been added to



make the Bronco the best 4 x 4 in the market.

These options are available on both Bronco models, the basic Custom and the Ranger XLT. The Ranger XLT requires power steering and offers many luxury features in addition to or in place of those you get with the Custom.

Exterior XLT features include rectangular headlamps; bright front and rear bumpers; bright aluminum molding around the front windshield, the rear side windows, the wheel lips and the upper and lower horizontal on the tailgate; bodyside molding with black vinyl insert, and bright taillight bezels.

Specially designed carpeting, instrument paneling, seat covers, steering wheel ornamentation and extra insulation are other standard Ranger features.

### **Tricolor striping adds flair**

And because the special interest of younger drivers has propelled the 4 x 4 marketing explosion, a Free Wheeling Package has been added as an option with extra styling pizzazz. Free Wheeling Broncos come in tricolor striping that blends with one of the 18 base colors you select, and with black bumpers (standard with Custom), dual black low-mount mirrors, sport steering wheel, black glove box appliqué and five 15 x 6 styled wheels on L-78 x 15L raised-white-letter tires or, as an option, five 15 x 8 styled wheels with raised-



### *Spacious rear seat footwell*

white letters on the required 10 x 15C tires.

That's the 1978 Bronco. A tough vehicle, yet a nimble one; a powerful 4 x 4, yet a comfortable, even beautiful one; a glutton for work, yet the perfect playmate, too. The Bronco is super, alright, and it's just waiting to take you there.

Broncos pictured on these pages feature one or more of the following options: Tu-Tone paint treatment; special tires, wheels and mirror; Swing-Out spare tire carrier; Ranger XLT trim; Privacy Glass; rear bench seat, and GT bar. ☐

### *Optional swing-away spare tire carrier*



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The Best  
of the Times





# OFF.

**F**ORTY YEARS of standing at thoroughbred racetrack finish lines tend to harden a man's opinions as much as his arteries. A man knows what he has seen, and the record books and the figure filberts be damned. Distance may lend en-

chantment, but it also lends the long view.

When I like a racehorse, I adopt him and play him in all his races, each time he goes to the post. I've been known to follow a horse through 18 consecutive losing



by Dan J. Marlowe  
paintings by Raymond F. Houlihan



With Sam  
in their stable,  
the Brooklyn bettors  
had the  
surest of sure things

# TRACK ACTION

wagers. Stubborn? I consider it persevering. I catch the losing streaks, and I catch the winning streaks.

When a horse of mine is running, I like to be right there on the rail, rooting him home, wherever the horse may be running, if it's in

the continental United States. This desire has occasionally conflicted with my employment of the moment, and whenever that happened, it's been the employment which suffered. On this particular subject I've never claimed that I've played

with a full deck.

Oh, I've reached the age now where it's easy to look back and wonder if the good old days were really the good old days. Whether, in fact, if I somehow gained permission to go back and do it all over again, I'd accept the nomination. There are days when I have doubts. Few such days, admittedly, and even fewer doubts, because then I always remember Sam DeAngelis.

One winter I lived in Brooklyn, New York, above a saloon called—naturally—The Backstretch. It was long before the days of year-round racing, so it took ingenuity on the part of the dedicated

followers of the running horse to find a bit of action that would keep the wolf from the door while waiting for the glaciers to retreat.

The habitués of The Backstretch had the ingenuity, and we also had Sam DeAngelis.

Sam was a 5-foot-10-inch, 290-pound kewpie doll who made The Backstretch his headquarters. Sam had no neck at all. His head was settled firmly on massive shoulders. Sitting down, he looked like the grossest of fat men. He had five chins, a small, pursed mouth, and a sweet, sleepy smile. His forearms were larger than the average man's thighs. It wasn't until Sam was on





his feet and in motion that his graceful way of moving became noticeable. Sam DeAngelis was a long, long way removed from being a bulbous slob.

A considerable factor in slowing recognition of Sam's grace was his eating style. Of the all-time great eaters of the world, Sam ranked in the first 10. He snacked on three dozen oysters followed by a porterhouse smothered in pork chops. His breakfasts were gargantuan. Sam's oatmeal was prepared in a five-quart double-boiler. People used to pay good money just to watch him eat.

### **A lasting claim to fame**

Sam's lasting claim to fame, though, was that he was an athlete. An unlikely one, granted, but a remarkable one. On the back bar of The Backstretch there rested a large-lettered sign that constituted Sam's gauntlet to the world. Pared down from the florid prose of Tommy Rafferty, The Backstretch's owner, the sign challenged any man on earth weighing more than 220 pounds to race Sam over a two-block course down the middle of the street outside the bar.

Three taxis with headlights blazing and facing outward at each end of the course took care of the traffic, and there was none to complain about this because the beat patrolman was always down for a slice of the purse. The final touch in Sam's challenge was that

if the challenger came within 40 pounds of Sam's weight, Sam would make the run in overcoat, overshoes and derby hat.

Delegations arrived at The Backstretch that winter from the five boroughs and outlying hinterlands to take a shot at Sam and the combined bankrolls of the denizens of The Backstretch. One after the other, Sam put them away, until it became more and more difficult to find opponents. We scoured the bushes for opposition, offered odds, debated methods of additionally handicapping our stable ace, and still saw competition nearly vanish.

One afternoon I was in midtown Manhattan working when I received a phone call from The Backstretch. I was told that a goodly group from Weehawken had showed up with a professional football player to run against Sam. I dropped everything, including the crate on my shoulder. I had to be at The Backstretch in time for the race, since I was Clerk of the Course.

When I arrived, Sam had just called for his dinner "to build up his strength for the run." Before the bugged, disbelieving eyes of the Weehawken delegation, Sam sat down to a gallon tureen of turtle soup, three lobsters, an Eiffel Tower of French fries, a dozen rolls, two pots of coffee and a quart of ice cream. When he finished, Sam waddled flat-footed to the bar and downed three schooners of beer. We had had the very devil of a

time teaching Sam how to waddle.

There hadn't been much Weehawken money in evidence prior to Sam's dinner, despite the blandishments of Tommy Rafferty, and Rafferty was a man who could sell rattlesnakes to rabbits. By the time Sam finished his third beer, though, Weehawken money was coming out of their clothes and out of their shoes. Rafferty was kept busy covering it with the pooled resources of Backstretch loyalists.

Rafferty called for the weigh-in when the flood of cash slowed to a trickle. "Two hunnert noinety seven an' a half!" he bawled when Sam stepped up on the railroad scale. The Weehawken crowd exchanged self-satisfied glances. Sam's appearance wasn't an optical illusion.

"Two t'irty foive an' t'ree-quarters!" Tommy bellowed when the footballer took his turn on the Fairbanks. It was the turn of The Backstretch's people to exchange self-satisfied glances. With a 62-pound spread in the weights, Sam could make the run unhandicapped.

The announcement of Sam's weight produced a final flurry of Weehawken money, after which we adjourned to the racecourse.

I had paced off the course once to satisfy my own curiosity. It came to a bit more than 250 yards, with perhaps a three per cent upgrade.

At "Go!" the footballer shot into the lead, but he couldn't get more than seven or eight feet ahead.

Sam got out of second gear at

the 100-yard mark and began to move up. He collared his man in another 50 yards. They raced like a team for 10 strides and then Sam swept on by. Like many of his predecessors, the footballer wobbled, staggered, veered crazily, and finally ran off the course. Not too many men can run a flat-out 250 yards. Not even a trained athlete unless he's a trackman.

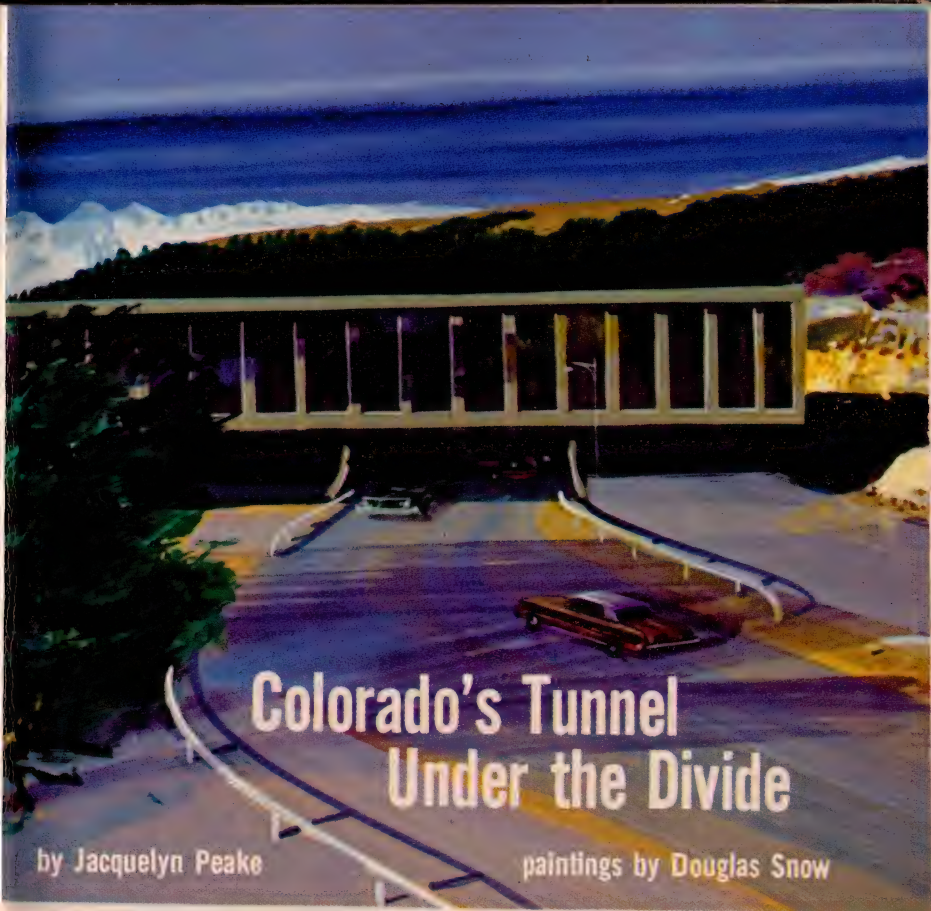
### **Rafferty paid off**

Sam breezed to the finish line and won pulled up. We all went back inside and Rafferty paid off the wagers after taking 15 per cent off the top for Sam. Free drinks were handed around to everyone from Weehawken, and the party lasted until sunrise. Sam DeAngelis never lost a race during my time at The Backstretch, and the locals always awaited the Jamaica opening in the spring well-fortified in bank-roll and in spirit(s).

I had moved away by the time it happened, but Sam eventually married. Someone wrote me that the bride was a cute little 90-pound clerk from the neighboring five-and-ten. I was told also that she and Sam had a couple of kids. I always meant to go back for a look at the kids, but by the time I did, the whole face of the neighborhood had changed. Even The Backstretch was gone.

I really did want to see those kids. Knowing Sam, I'm positive he'd have improved the breed. □





# Colorado's Tunnel Under the Divide

by Jacquelyn Peake

paintings by Douglas Snow

SOME WAG suggested that it should be called the Tunnel of Love. After all, it was a go-getter named William Loveland who, over a hundred years ago, made one of the first attempts to tame the wild

mountain pass between Denver and Leadville, and the pass was named in his honor. Later, it was John Love, Colorado's tall, handsome governor at that time, who dedicated the tunnel that burrowed

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Some said it couldn't be built, and they were almost right

---

underneath the Continental Divide, bypassing old Loveland Pass.

State legislators are not known for their sense of humor, though, and when the tunnel opened March 8, 1973, it was the Eisenhower Memorial Tunnel.

This is the tunnel some said 'couldn't be built, and wouldn't hold up if some fool *did* build it. Four years and more than 10 million cars later, though, the Eisenhower Memorial Tunnel has become an irreplaceable link in the nation's interstate highway system.

While not solving the problem of ice and snow at its portals, the tunnel at least provides a dry route under what has always been one of the most hair-raising stretches of roadway in the entire country. Winters in Colorado can be vicious, especially above 10,000 feet. Sudden storms blow up out of a clear sky, and within the time it takes a motorist to begin the ascent of a mountain until he reaches the top, he can go from warm, brilliant sunshine to a blinding, numbing, almost impenetrable blizzard. Colorado's history is full of tales of men who lost their battles to conquer this 11,988-foot summit in the winter.

As the years passed, Colorado's highway department gradually upgraded Loveland's road, though, so that a few adventuresome types could make it to the top and over in automobiles. The road was finally blacktopped in 1950, proving a boon to skiers.

Still, Loveland Pass frequently was closed by the lashing winter storms that blew in from the west. Inevitably, too, as traffic increased, so did accidents.

Snow on Loveland Pass is among the deepest on any maintained road in the nation, and is one of the reasons it is so difficult to maintain. There is a minimum of 60 inches to be expected each winter, and as much as 250 inches has been recorded during March and April. Snowslides, which can block traffic for hours, are common.

It was obvious that this tortuous road could never be a link in the nation's highway system, yet a major east-west highway was needed across the Divide. The only alternative was a tunnel. Skeptics said it couldn't be done.

### **Route finally selected**

After years of testing the geological strata of the area, and several false starts, the highway department decided to build a trans-Continental Divide tunnel 2½ miles north of the road over Loveland Pass. The ambitious project was dubbed the Straight Creek Tunnel because of its proximity to a creek of that name.

Work began in 1964 to drill and blast out an exploratory bore. The initial budget was \$28 million, which Denver's *Rocky Mountain News* termed, "probably not enough." The mining of the tunnel began in 1968, and it was scheduled to be





completed in 1971.

Nearly a decade and 4.9 million man-hours after it was begun, the tunnel was opened to traffic. Its construction history included many accidents, three deaths, walkouts, one hassle with women's lib, and an expenditure of \$112 million, or \$1,100 an inch.

That *Rocky Mountain News* writer had been so right.

Although some of the world's finest mining engineers (along with over 5,000 miners) were on the job, even they could not foresee the trouble ahead when that first blast went off.

As one engineer put it, "We were going by the book, but the damned

mountain couldn't read!"

Stress conditions were not those the test bore indicated. Faults turned up in unexpected locations. "Bad rock," the miners' term for loose, shifting rock, was a problem. The rock in the area east of the Divide is exceptionally old, actually some of the oldest in existence, dating back to the Precambrian Era, and it had spent eons shifting and grinding along its faults. This made for unsteady divisions in the rock, even though the rock itself was hard. On the western side of the Divide the rock is the same type but has not been subjected to as much stress as on the eastern side.

Unanticipated pressures at one

point in the bad rock buckled and twisted the steel roof supports, caving in sections of the tunnel wall. Machinery was sometimes immobilized by the shifting rock. The ventilation air that was pumped in had to be heated, a cost not anticipated, so the men could work in the below-zero temperatures. Tunneling came to a complete halt at one point, for the entire year of 1970, as engineers worked out better methods to cope with the balky mountain. It all added up to delay, frustration and spiraling costs.

In late 1972 when "the end of the tunnel" was in sight, literally, another and totally unexpected problem again brought work to a halt. A woman entered the tunnel.

Miners have a firmly entrenched superstition that a woman underground spells disaster.

Janet Bonnema is a licensed rock mechanic and knows her profession, but the minute she walked into the tunnel, 60 of the hard-hat boys picked up their tools and walked out.

"No way I can work in a tunnel a woman's been in," said one miner to a reporter after the walkout. "It's jinxed now."

But many of the younger miners had no objections to working alongside Janet. They felt that if she could hack the job she had a right to work there. Janet stood her ground and kept her job.

Next, there was an unsuccessful attempt to keep the Straight Creek

name as more meaningful to Coloradans, but the new name stuck.

In spite of all the trouble and orbiting costs, the Eisenhower Memorial Tunnel is proving to be almost everything its architects dreamed of.

The portal-to-portal driving time through the tunnel is an easy three minutes on a practically imperceptible 1.64 per cent grade instead of the white-knuckle ride over Loveland Pass that can take anywhere from a half hour to days.

### Statistics staggering

If the scenery surrounding the tunnel weren't enough to stagger even the most sophisticated, the statistics would be. At 8,941 feet, this is the longest vehicular tunnel in North America. At 11,000 feet above sea level (oxygen was available for flatlanders at the dedication ceremony) it is the highest vehicular tunnel in the world, and is the largest one. Those miners blasted out 614,000 cubic yards of granite, gneiss and schist from the old mountain.

When you fill out your income tax form, you might remember, too, that the \$112 million tunnel is also the most expensive ever constructed, and that 92 per cent of the financing came from the Federal Highway Fund.

The general consensus, though, among traveling salesmen, tourists, resort owners and hordes of happy skiers is—"Man, what a bargain!"



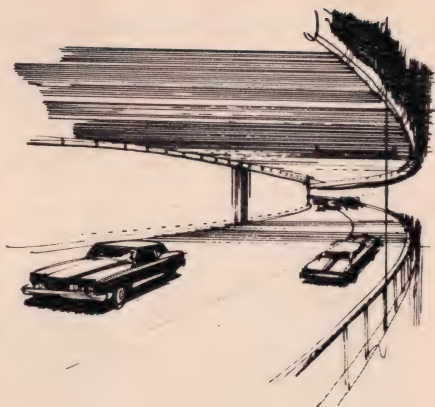
Resort owners and land developers in the western slope towns of Breckenridge, Dillon and Vail are unanimous in their belief that the tunnel is money in their pockets. These ski towns have always been weekend-vacation and day-oriented, just a bit too far from Denver for permanent residence. With the Mile High City just an hour and a half away now, more and more of their part-time residents are becoming full-time homeowners who commute to the city.

Bearing out their optimism, luxury condominium sales have skyrocketed.

It's to these unprecedented land sales that Colorado environmentalists are looking with real concern. Some fear the tunnel will cause the as yet uncrowded Western Slope to go the way of the booming Eastern Slope. As one conservation minded Coloradan put it, "Goodness knows, I'm happy to have the tunnel. But, you only have to look at what's going on at Dillon Reservoir to get chills up your spine. Will all of Colorado's lovely wilderness be covered with condominiums in 10 years?"

It's a sobering thought.

The project is the first of what will eventually be twin tunnels. The first two-lane tunnel, now in operation, is carrying two-way traffic on Interstate 70 under the Continental Divide. The other bore is now under construction. When finished, it will become the eastbound tunnel



and a two-lane, one-way system will go into effect in each tunnel. It's obvious that the present two lanes are not sufficient to handle the nearly 8,000 automobiles passing through daily.

The first tie-up occurred, as predicted, on the very first Sunday after the tunnel opened. It was a glorious spring day, perfect skiing weather. Denverites by the thousands had crossed the Divide to their favorite slopes. Five o'clock found virtually all of them headed for home, and apparently they all intended to get there via the tunnel. There was a line of cars bumper-to-bumper three miles long.

What could a good traffic cop do in such a situation? The only thing possible. He just routed traffic right back over good old Loveland Pass until things cleared up. The mountain had the last laugh after all. □

SOME Christmases are unforgettable because of special visits or special touches of friendship. One way you can make the holiday spirit endure is to give a gift that will be enjoyed long after it is given. And few items offer more lasting use than those that make travel easier or recreation more fun. FORD TIMES thinks the items described here would be of particular value to people on the move throughout the year. The names of manufacturers are listed for your convenience. Where no manufacturer's address is given, the items can be ordered or purchased from most Ford dealers. All items are warranted by their manufacturers.



1. National Semiconductor Quiz Kid III. Great learning aid for children. Ends boredom on trips. Owl's eye signals right or wrong answer to questions prepared by educators. Adapter cable allows two children to learn together.

2. Handy Items for Motorists. Individual accessories include two highway emergency kits—one featuring a red beacon warning lantern that doubles as a case. Kits equip motorists for health, fire, fuel and other emergencies. Other items shown are a folding snow shovel, a red and white car vacuum cleaner with interchangeable heads, battery-powered coffee maker, illuminated map magnifier, two-way spotlight, electric windshield scraper that

operates from cigarette lighter, and a folding tool kit. Dynamic Classics, Ltd., 307 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10016.

3. Expo Binoculars by Bushnell. Eight power with 30 mm light. Field of view 394 feet at 1,000 yards.

4. Inflatable Boat. Made by Sevylor, this 27-pound craft enables



1 ▲

▼ 2







everyone to own a boat. Accommodates 600 pounds or three people, plus motor mount, sail and canopy. Dimensions: 8'8" long, 4'4" wide.

5. Hood Ornament. Handsome ornament adds note of classic styling and provides focal point for driving. Chrome wreath encloses rich heraldic shield in durable

3 ↑      ↓ 4    5 ↓



plastic. Folds down. For selected Ford cars.

6. AM/FM Multiplex Stereo Search Radio. Turns a car into a concert hall on wheels. Two- or four-speaker output. Control scans dial, locks onto strong-signal stations. For Fairmont, Mustang II, Granada, LTD II, Thunderbird, Ranchero, LTD, Econoline Van and Ford Club Wagon.

7. Belt Buckle. Custom-made buckles with industrial motifs are enjoying great popularity. "Built



Ford Tough" and Model A buckles are available.

8. TAG Modular Travel System. Luggage modules made of Dupont Cordura® nylon and leather snap together in any combination. Carry by hand or on shoulder. Each fits under airplane seat. TAG Inc., P.O. Box 40540, Santa Barbara, California 93103.

9. Wheels and Wheel Covers.



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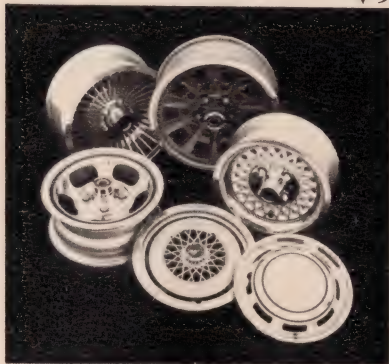
78



79

Select from wide range of steel, cast aluminum and wire wheel accessories to add extra touch of class to all Ford cars and wagons.

10. Food Tote, Poly Insta-Hot Coffee Maker and Tulip Times Fancy Can. Prepare meal in tote's five aluminum pans before leaving home, stack hot and cold dishes in pans, store plates and dinnerware, lock onto handle, place in striped insulated carrying bag and away you go. Foods can't spill, crush or







10 ↑

↓ 11

run together. Electric coffee maker brews four cups. Regal Ware, Inc., 1675 Reigle Drive, Kewaskum, Wisconsin 53040. Tulip can of rust-proof galvanized steel holds 10 gallons. Schlueter Manufacturing Company, 4700 Goodfellow Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63120.

11. Radio Controlled Mustang II Cobra II (not available until after January 1, 1978). This 11½-inch,



12 ↓



tough plastic model can be "driven" in all four directions from as far as 50 feet away. Battery included. Creative Associates Inc., 17320 West 12 Mile Road, Suite 200, Southfield, Michigan 48076.

12. Leather Shoulder Wallet. Holster-style wallet for men and women. Handy for drivers, tourists, shoppers. Designed for security. Black, tan or brown. Paulette, Eric & Hal, 1149 Mission Street, San Francisco, California 94103. □





# Favorite Recipes

FROM FAMOUS RESTAURANTS BY NANCY KENNEDY





*painting by Richard A. Young*

### **CAPT BILLY'S WHIZZ BANG TOLEDO, OHIO**

In business for five years, this light-hearted restaurant recently expanded to double its size. There is a limited—and amusing—menu and it is a popular family eating place. Lunch is served Monday through Friday; dinner served Monday through Saturday. Closed on Sunday. The address is 2111 Mellwood Street in Toledo. From I-475 take either Secor Road or Jackman Road north to Lasky; it is at the corner of Lasky and Mellwood.

#### **JAMBALAYA**

- 6 slices bacon, chopped and fried
- 1 onion, diced
- 1 green pepper, diced
- 2 tablespoons chopped parsley

### **ICE HOUSE RESTAURANT VIRGINIA BEACH, VIRGINIA**

The building that houses this restaurant dates back to the turn of the century and was once the city ice house. The owner and host is Milton Warren. Open for lunch and dinner every day during the summer; closed on Sunday from Labor Day to Memorial Day. Reservations advisable. To reach the restaurant go south on Pacific Avenue in Virginia Beach, turn right onto Norfolk Avenue and continue west for three blocks to 604 Norfolk Avenue.

#### **MUSHROOM CRAB BROIL**

Wash 16 extra-large, fresh mushrooms and remove stems. Place

- ½ teaspoon black pepper
- ¼ teaspoon thyme  
and nutmeg

A pinch each of cayenne, clove  
1 tablespoon flour

- 1 No. 2½ can of tomatoes, chopped
- 1 pound cleaned raw shrimp
- 6 boneless chicken breasts, broiled
- 3 cups cooked rice

Remove bacon pieces from pan and in bacon fat sauté onion and green pepper. Add all of the seasonings and sauté until onion and green pepper are tender. Slowly add flour and stir mixture until the flour is well blended. Add tomatoes, let simmer a few minutes. Add shrimp and simmer until the shrimp turn pink. Place broiled chicken breasts on hot rice. Ladle shrimp mixture over them and top with bacon pieces. Serves 6.

caps (cap-side up) on a broiler pan, brush with butter and broil 3-4 minutes or until mushrooms turn brown. Chop mushroom stems and sauté in butter. Mix 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons Durkee's Famous Sauce, 6 drops Tabasco, 1 tablespoon horseradish, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper and 1 tablespoon chopped parsley. Separate 1 pound fresh backfin crabmeat by hand and pour egg mixture into crabmeat. Add sautéed mushroom stems. Mix lightly. Stuff mushroom caps with the crab mixture, brush melted butter on the top and broil for about 5 minutes or until crab mixture turns golden brown. Serves 8 as an appetizer.

*painting by Marcus Hamilton*





*painting by Arless Day*

**BISHOP'S RESTAURANT  
LAWRENCE, MASSACHUSETTS**

The Abraham Bashara family owns and operates this popular restaurant noted for its Middle Eastern food, steak and lobster. Lunch and dinner served daily; reservations advisable. In the evening there is dancing in the Odah Lounge. The address is 99 Hampshire Street in downtown Lawrence.

**GRAPE LEAF ROLLS**

100 grape leaves

1 cup raw rice

1½ pounds coarsely ground lamb

½ teaspoon each pepper, cinnamon,  
allspice

1 tablespoon salt

2 lemons

Wash fresh grape leaves and pour

warm water over leaves to soften. (Wash bottled leaves separately.) Wash and drain rice. Mix rice, lamb, spices and juice of 1 lemon. Place about 1 tablespoon of meat mixture on the veined side of each grape leaf. Spread across in a line, turn in the sides and roll up completely. Line bottom of a baking pan with 3 or 4 grape leaves. Place rolls evenly in layers, criss-crossing each layer. Use an inverted plate to hold rolls down. Add water to cover. Bring to boil on top of stove, then reduce to low heat and cook 20-30 minutes. Add juice of remaining lemon 5 minutes before removing from heat. Serve with yogurt. Makes 8 portions.

**THE BLETHEN HOUSE  
DOVER-FOXCROFT, MAINE**

Built in 1844, this charming old inn, owned by Paul Plourde, still retains much of its Victorian flavor. The pleasant bay-windowed dining room is open for breakfast and dinner every day except Sunday. Lunch only served Sunday. Closed on Christmas. Reservations advisable for hotel rooms and meals. The hotel is at 37 Main Street.

**BLACKBOTTOM PIE**

2 cups milk

4 egg yolks

½ cup sugar

1¼ tablespoons cornstarch

Pinch of salt

1½ squares unsweetened chocolate

1 teaspoon vanilla

9-inch graham cracker pie shell

1 tablespoon gelatin

4 egg whites

¼ teaspoon cream of tartar

¼ tablespoon white rum (or vanilla)

½ cup heavy cream, whipped

Chocolate shavings

Scald milk in double boiler. Beat egg yolks slightly, stir in combined sugar, cornstarch and salt. Slowly stir into milk. Return to double boiler, cook 20 minutes stirring until thin custard coats spoon. To one cup of custard, add melted chocolate and vanilla and pour into pie shell. To remaining custard add gelatin dissolved in 4 tablespoons water. Let this mixture cool but not get too thick. Beat egg whites and cream of tartar together until stiff and fold into custard. Add rum. When chocolate layer in pie shell is set, add remaining custard. Chill until firm. Top with whipped cream and chocolate shavings.

*painting by Fred Browning*

# Sound reasons why a Ford factory-

There are a lot of reasons to insist on a Ford factory-installed radio in your next car. Three of the reasons are brand new in some '78 models. An all-new 40-channel CB with all controls in the power microphone and the chassis mounted in a hard-to-reach location to help prevent theft; an AM/FM stereo radio with cassette tape player featuring fast forward, fast reverse and an automatic "tape-saver ejection system"; and a new AM radio/digital clock combination. Or you can choose from other great factory-installed radios Ford offers.

Whichever you select, you can be assured that it is a sound system designed and manufactured to the highest standards and specifications, and thoroughly tested by skilled Ford engineers. Trim components are matched to the interior of your new car. And with factory installation the interior won't have to be torn up to install speakers and then



40-CHANNEL CB TRANSCEIVER



AM/FM STEREO WITH CASSETTE  
TAPE PLAYER



AM RADIO WITH DIGITAL CLOCK





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patched back together. Every Ford sound system is designed, engineered and manufactured for your new car — it will sound just right for you.

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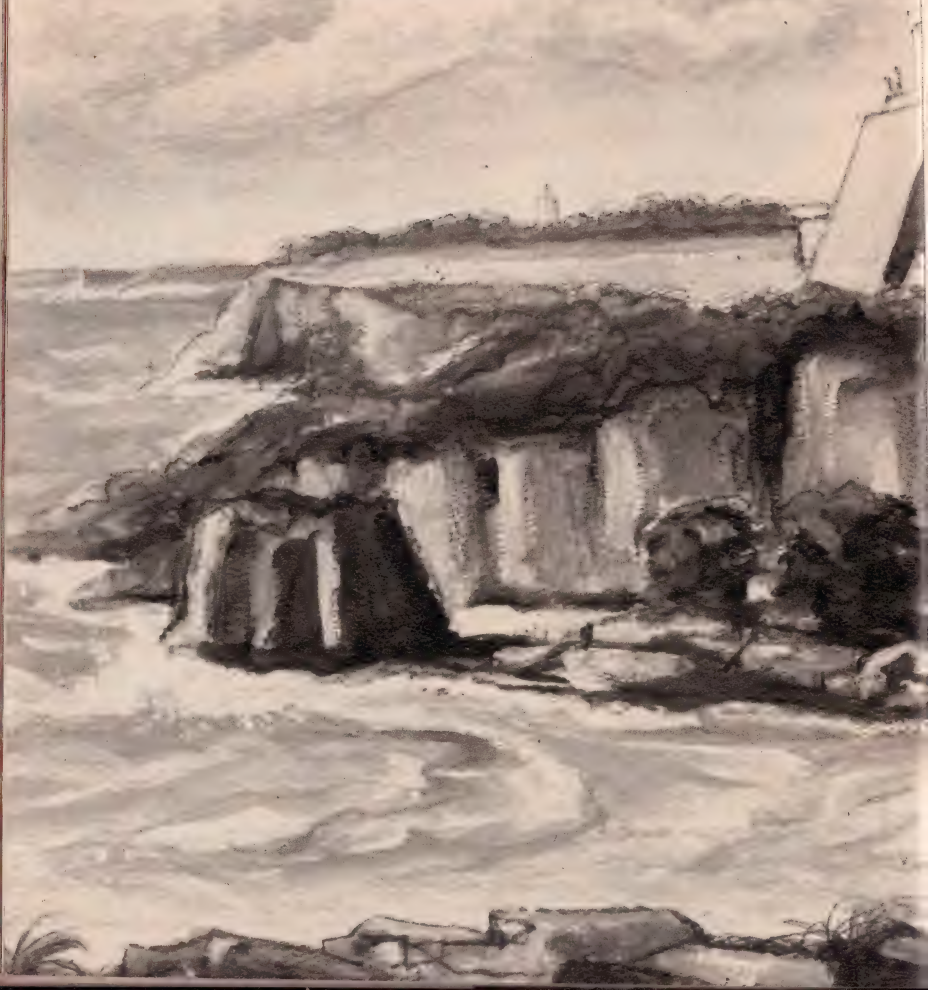
Electrical and  
Electronics Division



# YUCATÁN DIARY

**Part of the excitement in fishing Quintana Roo  
is the trip there and back**

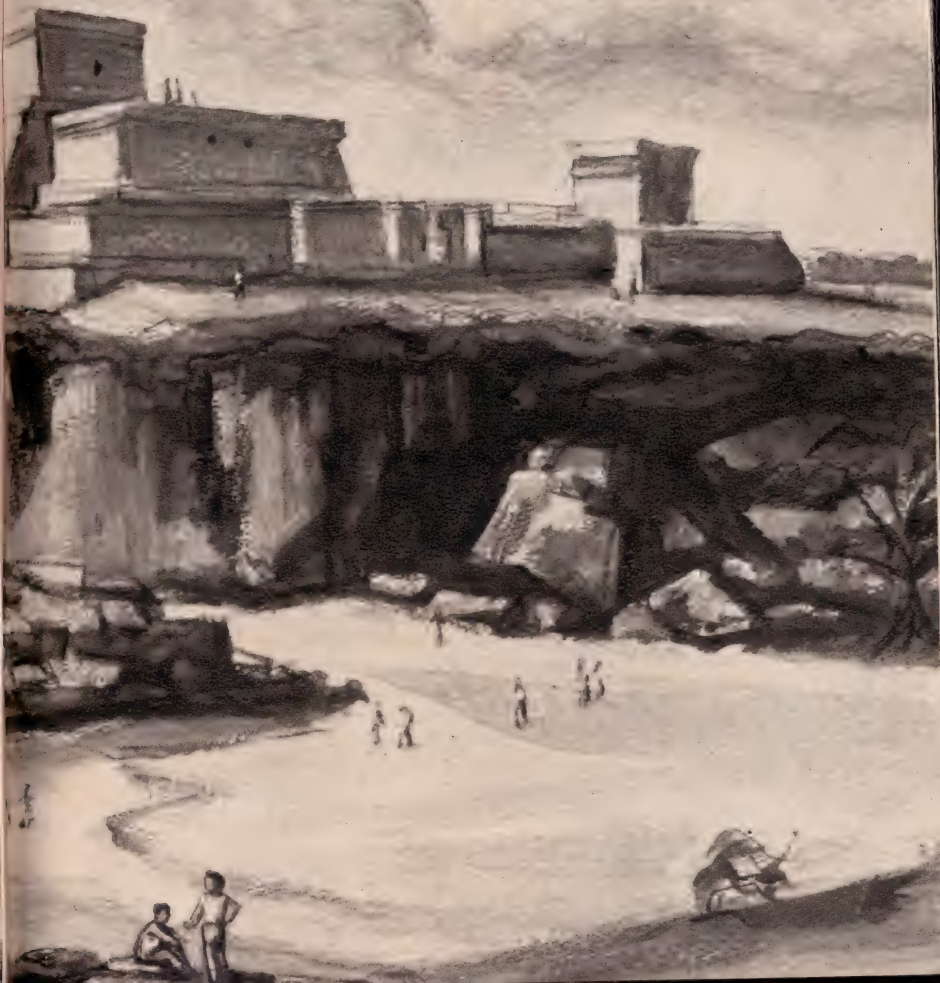
*by James C. Ericson    paintings by Louis Freund*





**A**T NIGHT ACROSS the turquoise water of the Caribbean we can see the lights of Cozumel and their suggested opulence. By day we watch the Aero Mexican DC-9s drop off the money-men who are planning the super resort of Can-

cun. But then this is not the story of modern, air-conditioned, concrete splendor. Rather it is of a journey on the Mexican road to Puerto Juárez, Tulum and Puerto Morelos in the state of Quintana Roo; it is of lagoons, secretive as





adventure begins.

Before the computerized search for the tropical paradise of the 1970s punched out the 14-mile-long white sand spit of Cancun, Puerto Juárez was best known for the ferry which left on the hour for Isla Mujeres. Now with the Aca-pulco of the Caribbean rising from the dust of heavy machinery and the picks of several thousand men, it has become a boom town of 20,000. When the dust settles, this giant complex planned by the government and financed almost 90 per cent by Mexican investment, will lack the garishness of most wintering grounds for the affluent. But it is not Cancun that we have come to see, and so it is back into the jungle again moving west toward Puerto Morelos and the only trailer park the area now offers.

Once the intersection to the new \$10 million Cancun airport is passed, the road narrows and follows the coast through heavy jungle where wild orchids grow high in the trees. The hunters of deer and turkey, ocelot and jaguar walk the side of the road with

shoulder-slung rifles.

We unhitch the trailer on a white sand beach. The air is surprisingly dry and cool for the tropics in June. Insects are not a problem unless the wind shifts to come off the land. If you are from International Falls or Bismarck, of course, January is the month for the Caribbean; but if fishing is your game then May through July is the time for Yucatán. The ruins are impervious to time's passage.

The first trailerless trip in search of history and bonefish leads us another 60 miles closer to Belize and the village of Tulum. We stop first at the only known fortified Mayan ruins, which for a thousand years have stared down on a peaceful horizon for an enemy lost to history. We are alone in the past, time-machined further in distance than from a Saturday TV night at the movies.

Below the ruins of Tulum, the Caribbean pours through a cut to spread a vast lagoon into the jungle. The excellent sport fishing camp of Pez Maya, booked through World Wide Sportsman of Islamadora, Florida, watches from stucco cabins over some of the world's great bonefish and permit water. We see possibly 50 schools of bonefish during the morning's fishing in a world lost, but for the occasional hum of an outboard, to all but the natural progression of life.

For a month we will snorkel the waters off Puerto Morelos, whet



the appetite for fresh lobster, snapper and Moro crab claws with the excellent Montejo Negra beer. There will be moderately successful trips for bonefish at Cancun Bay. Unnumbered the days pass, their end marked only by the sun's last rays above the jungle. Bodies become brown, waistlines slimmer, and industrial-ragged nerves relax.

The trip will end with the type of fishing we have come to expect from the Yucatán. Casting for barracuda off the new Puerto Juárez ferry landing, we meet Alvaro Mendoza, who takes us to a small lagoon to the northeast where tailing bonefish dimple the surface like drops of summer rain. For 20 years Alvaro Mendoza has

fished this lagoon for lobster, snapper and snails. He has never seen a sport fisherman here, and watches in gentle tolerance the crazy Yankee throw a deception of bucktail and steel to a fish hooked, landed and then released.

When again we return to the state of Quintana Roo, the hotels of Cancun will be finished, a normalcy predicated on the tourist dollar will have been reached, and Puerto Morelos will not have the only trailer facility. But Alvaro Mendoza's lagoon with its bonefish will still be there, and the ruins of Tulum will be staring down on the empty sweep of the Caribbean. It will still be the Yucatán without Cozumel and Cancun. □





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## CRUISING VAN OF THE MONTH

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DECEMBER'S WINNING entry in the contest for converted Ford Cruising Vans belongs to John Witkowski of Lauderhill, Florida.

If you've added a personal touch to your Cruising Van and feel it's worth showing off, send us color photos or slides of your vehicle. We will award a top-of-the-line, 40-channel Kraco citizen's band radio to each month's winner.

Pictures should show exteriors and interiors and will be judged on their suitability for FORD TIMES as well as the imagination, originality and ingenuity of the conversion. FORD TIMES is particu-

larly interested in seeing how owners have customized the interiors of their Cruising Vans.

Please do not include people in the pictures. Persons submitting pictures must own the photographed vehicle wholly or in part. All photographs used become the property of Ford Motor Company. Entries will not be acknowledged or returned unless accompanied by postage. Send entries to Ford Cruising Van Conversions, Ford Motor Company, Room 332, 3000 Schaefer Road, Dearborn, Michigan 48121. □



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Many of the items shown on winning vans are available through retail organizations and establishments not connected with Ford Motor Company. The availability, price, quality and durability of these items rest solely with their manufacturers and sales organizations.

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# INTRODUCING EUROPE'S MOST SUCCESSFUL\* NEW CAR IN HISTORY...

\* During Ford Fiesta's first six months of sales it outsold every other new nameplate ever introduced in Europe.

Fiesta was engineered to give its driver exceptional performance under all road conditions. With front wheel drive for superb traction, rack and pinion steering, Michelin

radials, and a fully synchronized 4-speed gearbox for precise control. Yet, for all its performance, Fiesta is simple

to service at over 5,000 authorized Ford Dealers across the United States. Come in and test-drive a Fiesta. See why it has become Europe's most successful new car in history.



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